

GLOOM

The Devil's Book

25¢

THE COPY

NO. 2



MY SYSTEM FOR EARTH FOLKS

GREN

Chuck Full of Hilarity, Ridicule, Biting Sarcasm; Jazzy,
Snappy, Jokes and Red Hot Editorials of TRUTH

INVITATION

All my good friends and followers are invited to send in articles on the best way to make a first-class Hell on earth and elsewhere.

I extend a special invitation to preachers, priests, bootleggers and "honest lawyers." Articles are wanted that are full of "pep"; red hot and with a good kick behind them. For such we will give free passes to the lower regions, and possibly something else. (Don't take the Devil's word for anything.) But, if you want your manuscript returned (if not available), please enclose stamps or I will add it to my little furnace to keep things hot, for after the winter we have had I am afraid to let the fire go out for fear that we will have another like it next winter and someone might get "cold feet" and stop working for

"THE DEVIL."

— G L O O M —

They met and spooned in the same old way

Down on the shore of the sea;

She was a movie queen, so ran her tale,

While a retired banker was he.

Then at the counter in the five and ten,

She stood, and her eyes took a vacant stare,

As he asked to be shown some cotton hose

At twenty-five a pair.

— G L O O M —

Why are Mary's ankles so thick, asked a bystander as the 17-year-old daughter of a friend passed by. Why, Mary's old man bought her a pair of shoes that were too roomy at the top, so in order to keep them from rubbing Mary's ankles he stuffed them full of hay to take up the slack—

The calves came down to eat the hay and never did go back.

— G L O O M —

S. Perkins, to son who has been to city:

Well, me boy, how do you like the city? Find any good looking flappers?

Oh yes, dad, its great. For 50c you can get smiles. For a dollar you can get kisses and for \$2.00 "you'd be surprised."

G L O O M

BOOK No. 2

Written by "The Devil"

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NOTICE TO SINNERS AND SAINTS

GLOOM will be issued monthly, but instead of carrying the date of the month will be issued in numbers. This is Book No. 2. The contents of this number will not go out of date, and those who wish to follow the writings of "The Devil" should begin with Book No. 1 and not miss an issue, for if you do miss a number it might contain some instructions intended just for you. If your dealer cannot supply you with No. 1, it will be sent upon receipt of price direct from publishers. Subscriptions may start from any date. Please, follow this plan. It is important.

"THE DEVIL."



THE KOO KOO KLAMS

The Koo Koo Klams was rightly named as far as the clam is concerned and if the people that join it were not Koo Koo at

GLOOM

the time they soon will be.

Down in the south we had a similar organization which existed after the war between the states and that war was a little scheme of my own. It cost you boobs several hundred thousand lives to say nothing of the hardships. Well this K.K.K. organization that existed shortly after the war was caused by the failure of officials to protect the interests of the people and enforce the law. Graft and crookedness existed in every state in the south and it seems that the people had to take the law into their own hands. The organization as a body did not last but its influence is felt even unto this day.

So after the last great war I figured that it would take the people some time to settle down, so I talked to a few of my old-time strong supporters and told them how they could clean up a bunch of money with a little organization among the officials of each town.

So I called a little meeting, officers were elected and we hired organizers. First I had the organizers go right to the chief of police, the judges and the most important men in each community and it was hinted in a very strong way that if there was any rascality going on in the community here was a good way to cover up their own crimes and throw the people off by assaulting innocent victims.

Ye Gods! I cannot help laughing at your boasted civilization.

In Texas and other states they dragged women out of their homes, gave them a coat of tar and feathers and left them half dead, and I'll venture to say that 70 per cent of that sniveling bunch get down on their bended knees and ask their Lord to guide them directly through the pearly gates of Heaven.

I want to see the color of the man's hair that is good enough to tar and feather any woman who has committed no greater sin than continuing the practice that some man started her in. There are men and women going about casting scornful glances

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and hurling bitter words at the women of the streets who are no better. Only position and money has kept the black shame from covering them, but underneath, their heart and mind is as black as the deepest pits of Hell.

The Koo Koo Klams have set out a job for themselves of cleansing the world. Ha! Ha!

There is a line or two in your wonderful book you prize so highly:

Just get the mote out of your own eye.

Judge not lest ye be judged, and

He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone.

Now, you fellows of the script, put that in your pipe and smoke it.

There are those kind of Christians in the hottest corner of Hell, and a lot more of them have a one-way ticket. All aboard, "the next train leaves in a few minutes."

THE DEVIL.

———GLOOM———

MY GASTRONOMIC GOAL

By MERVAL O'MEARA

Alas, it has not been my fate to mingle with the rich and great, nor dine at sumptuous banquet boards—quite frugal fare my purse affords. Yet would I hoard for many years, bedew my crusts with briny tears, e'en on the lowly doughnut line, nor worry when my coat sleeves shine. For I'll amass a goodly pile, say in a dozen years, then I'll trot blithely from my humble shack, dragging my savings in a sack, and hie me to a cafe grand. The chief, with lordly waving hand will send a waiter to my chair; I'll eye him with a haughty stare and sternly say, "The menu, please!", then order right from soup to cheese, with wondrous drinks to quench my thirst. I will not read the price side first on this one night of dreams come true. I'll have enough to see it through. My bill I'll pay, the waiter fee with last remaining sou marquee, leaving as I stride to the door, my empty sack upon the floor.

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PALE NEAR BEER'S RIDE

(Apologies to Longfellow)

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the wonderful ride of Pale Near Beer.
'T was the year Nineteen-seventeen that started the drive
That run out the saloon (King Alcohol's dive),
But Alcohol has been with us every year.

Now Near Beer said to his friend John Barleycorn:
If these soda water fiends start their march in the morn',
We will kick up a rumpus on land and sea,
And we'll well know whether soda, or I, the King, will be.
So John you keep "still," I will give the alarm
To every middle-sex, man or marm,
So that none of our Hootch will come to harm.

So he said good night and with muffled roar
Drove his Lizzie as never before.
Just as Lady Moon, who on her back lay,
She thought it would be dry for many a day.
And she smiled down on Maud Muller who sang her song,
For she thought that Maud would not sing long.

Meanwhile our friends through alley and street
Wander and watch with eager ear,
Until in the "still" silence around them hear
The muffled tread that sounds so sweet
Of a Bootlegger coming down the street.

Then the bootlegger climbed to the dome of an abandoned church
And startled the "peace doves" from their perch,
And listened to "still" voices far and near,
As they answered the call of Pale Near Beer.
And he gathered about him all his clan
And said, keep your "Still" running as much as you can.

So through the night rode Pale Near Beer,
So through the Night went his cry of alarm,
To every middle-sex, man and marm,
A cry of defiance, and not of fear:
A "Still" in the bushes, a knock at the door

G L O O M

Will bring you your "Hootch" the same as before.
For the "Belly Wash" sold over the bar, is only a Blind
To Keep The Pig GOING, so never mind.

But the warning, given on that night,
Has put many a booze fighter out of sight.
So, if you must have "white mule," "Hootch," or "home brew,"
Look out for the Grim Reaper, that he don't get you!

— G L O O M —

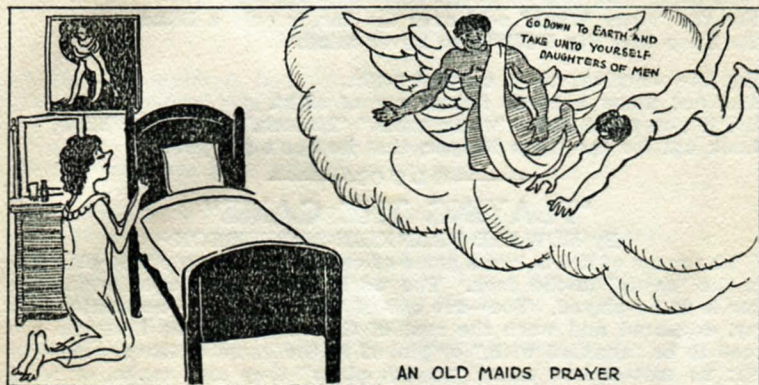
"PLAYING THE GAME"

By EDWARD FRANKLIN McPHERSON

The game of life is like a game of cards. The people who play it—like the "cards" in the deck. The world is the table upon which the game is to be played. You—are one of the cards, and—no matter how dirty, dogeared and worn the rest of the cards may be that you are forced to be "shuffled with," or played in the game of life against—or with; no matter how many "foolish plays" they may make, or what their "spots" may indicate as to their value: You—play the game, and play it for all it is worth! Play hard! Be as "clean" as you can! Play the game on the "square"—don't be a "cheater!" Always try to keep yourself near the "top" of the deck—and not on the bottom! If you "are" down on the bottom of the deck, and kismet has relegated you to the "discard"—don't be satisfied to stay there! If your environment has been such that you have been forced to "play the game" as one of the smaller cards—try to get away from the cards that are in that deck! Try to raise your "own valuation" until you can play the game for larger stakes! Don't let any of your opportunities slip by—take every "trick," if you can! Don't ramp and rage about the "misplays" of the others around you—watch your "own plays"! Make your associates the kind that will "never trump your tricks"! Lead—when you can! Follow suit—when it is best to do so! And now to sum it all up: here's the way to play the "game of life," no matter what kind of a "card" you may have been in the past—. First: make yourself an "ace"—not a deuce! Be a "leader"—not a follower! Make yourself a "trump"—not a discard! When you "deal" with others—"deal on the square"! Play "fair"—don't cheat! And last, but not least: "Never give up the game until the last card has been played"! "Don't be a quitter!"

If you will follow these Rules in playing the Game—"you are bound to Win"—and if you play hard, don't quit, deal square, and on "top" of the table. "According to Hoyle"—you "can't lose," no matter What the Other Cards may do!

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AN OLD MAIDS PRAYER

AN OLD MAID'S PRAYER

Oh! Lord! Send me a husband,
A man from Any Land,
Just so that he wears trousers,
I'll love him to beat the band.

It seems, Dear Lord, that you mixed things up
In some mysterious way,
For people are telling a sad story—
Three women to each man they say.

And, Dear Lord, if you can do no better
Please give us girls a fair show,
Please Lord let us know the reason,
We are mighty anxious to know.

And if there is no other way to do it
Why not do as in days gone by,
When angels took the daughters of men
As they came down from the sky.

For, Dear Lord, a man I must have,
I don't care what his clan,
But please, Dear Lord, send if you will
An honest-to-goodness he-man.

G L O O M

WHERE?

Where can a man buy a cap for his knee,
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy,
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of his head what gems are found?
"Who" travels the bridge of his nose?
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails on the end of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand,
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes;
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

—"ALLIGATOR."

— G L O O M —

Behind the stove at early dawn
A tom cat crept with one ear gone.
"It's cold!" remarked a kitten, prim and white.
"Yes," sighed Tom, "but it sure seemed warm last night!"

— G L O O M —

A sofa placed among the palms;
A Girlie hid by Roger's arms;
A quiet house, a few deep sighs,
The only light is in the skies;
Half past eleven, but don't get sore.
Good night, kid!—There ain't no more.

— G L O O M —

The absent-minded man from the country came to the city with his wife, while down-town he decided to call his wife by telephone.

He took down the receiver and demanded: "I want to talk to my wife." Number, Please!" said Central. "Oh!" he replied, "that is my second one."

GLOOM

JOBE, "THE DEVIL" AND SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON

Jobe, rich and honorable, had invited the Lord to dinner and after a sumptuous repast they had gone to the barnyard to look at his fine stock and prize chickens.

I happened to be passing by and the Lord said to me, "How noble." and I said, "If you take all these things away he will curse you and spit in your face." So the Lord said, "Do what you will but spare Jobe."

So I destroyed everything he had, covered him with boils and placed him on an ash pile. But he still continued to praise the Lord and do good.

There are hundreds of men in the same position as Jobe today. Jobe had his faults and weak points and it was through his weakness that we set him on the ash pile. But if people who are on ash piles are patient they will be able to correct their faults.

Two men stand before the public today in much the same position as Jobe. One is the Swatter, Babe Ruth, and the other is Senator Hiram Johnson.

Ruth was the idol of the baseball fans until he went ranting around on a barnstorming trip and covered himself with boils (so to speak). His only salvation now is to be patient, keep his head and he will win back in time the respect of fandom. However, whenever I whisper in the minds of people like Ruth, "You are the king and you can do no wrong," then away goes their stock and their wealth.

Now Hiram Johnson has been placed in much the same position. Let him reason with those who wish him well and keep on helping the boys in their efforts to get the bonus and The Merchant Marine and he will win out and get rid of his boils.

But that is his affair and it is my business to create as much trouble for all men as possible so I am going to suggest to my imps to fight against this Merchant Marine as it will give a lot of the idle men work..

We had better loan the money it would take to other countries. Why make things easier for folks at home when we can furnish money to the foreigners to fight over?

And from best reports I hear that Hi is out after our scalps in more ways than one. Besides fighting for the soldiers' bonus, which we have had on the bumpers, he agitates the Merchant Marine. He wants a square deal for everyone. He advocates lower prices and better working conditions. He is in favor of employing the idle just at

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the time we have several million out of work doing their bit for me. Then, worst of all, he works on a progressive ticket. He is a man we fear and all preachers, bogus politicians, honest (?) lawyers, crooks, bootleggers, and all of our co-workers who want idleness and evil to continue in the world should get together and get Johnson's goat.

"All together now, make the fire roar."

"THE DEUPHEL."

—G L O O M—

SPURTS OF FLAME

By BUD MATHEWS

If you marry a girl named Wood, that does not signify she is a chip of the old block.

Just try eating eggs and you'll be full (Yolkes) Jokes.

If you should annex a Harem in China, you are not sure that you'll get a Pekin.

Don't bring in all the wood. Remember your father is used to coming home with a load.

Never try to act like "Three Days" around a woman. She'll think you a "little week."

Don't think you are too small to live; remember Heinz started with a pickle.

If you know a joke about a chicken be careful where you pullet.

—G L O O M—

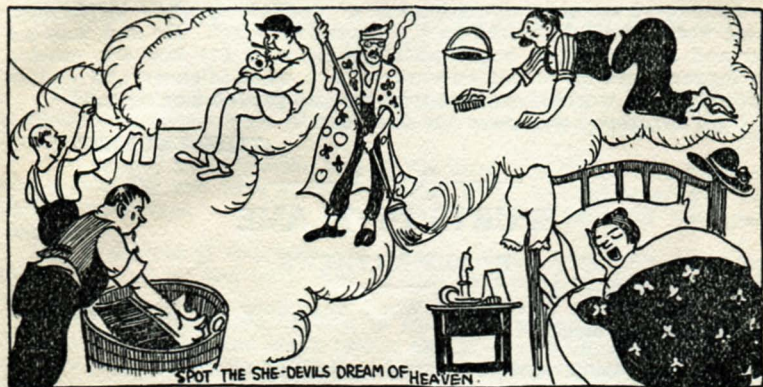
Smile if your face will let you,
Laugh if there's a tickle in your throat.
You may be bald if your hair falls off,
But don't let it get your goat.

—G L O O M—

If a rabbit should be swallowed by a goat, wouldn't that make "hair in the butter"?

If a man named Moon had his corn smashed and he kept still,
Would it make Moon shine?

GLOOM



"BRAINSTORM BY SPOT" The "She Devil"

If the thousands of readers who read "Gloom" No. 1 think that the "Devil" can come out of Hell and start a magazine on Earth without allowing me a part in it and get away with it he has another guess coming.

When I found out "Nickey" had stepped away to earth I became suspicious and started an investigation and here I found him spreading his propaganda. Well, you can believe there was something besides "Home Brew" for supper when he arrived home after the first trip. After he got over his burns and bruises we had a heart to heart talk and I finally agreed that I should write a few pages relative to the female side of Hell on earth and other places.

I found some copy on his desk a few moments ago and I note he referred to his visit home as a vacation. Isn't that just like a man? You can beat them up until they can't walk for a week and they will go out and brag about what a fine wife they have and how pleasant their home is. Then a lot of them are so dumb that they tell the same lie so often that they get to

GLOOM

believe it themselves.

There is one thing certain we girls must stick together and when the men start their little crusades of hell we will turn loose a few spasams of our own.

The men have had their way long enough and there are just as many of the conceited, egotistical kind in Hades as there are on earth. They get so used to ordering the women around, making fun of their clothes, hats, etc., etc., that they think they can get away with it for ever.

Now girls, we have had our ups and downs and if you will all pitch in and help and offer suggestions we will show them a thing or two. Something possibly they have not all seen before.

The men have cast slurring remarks about our abbreviated skirts. For hundreds of years we went about with our tails dragging in the mud and filth of the street and didn't dare show our ankles for fear our men would think we were immoral. We believed the lies the men told us. We thought he was as pure as we were ourselves. We let him think for us. He gave us our food and clothes: (sometimes) and if we ever stepped out of the "straight and narrow," "Good Night." Well then a few of us woke up and started out to raise a little Hell of our own. It took us some time to get used to it. To stay out all night, smoke cigarettes, drink more booze than was good for us and then have to be carried upstairs to our home. But we have won a lot even though it has cost us so much. Now if we just get out and demand that the men be just as respectable, just as pure and just as healthy as we are, we are going to get along fine together and we are going to have a little more peace in our homes. I am for peace night and day and if I don't get it I am going to fight for it.

I am for the abbreviated skirt every time. In fact I don't see much harm in pulling off the whole paraphernalia. We would all be a lot healthier any way and the men would soon get used

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to us. Of course, some of us would be a sight, especially the skinny ones and the fat ones but they ought to stay under cover until they develop or reduce.

The men talk about our low-necked dresses and bobbed hair. Do you girls remember a few years back about Sir Walter Raleighs time when the men wore long curls and fluffed collars? Then look at the pictures of their skin-tight pants and their silk hose. If that wasn't a display of form and a temptation to women, I don't know what was. I mean by temptation to get a board and use it where it would do the most good.

Then do you recall in the old colonial days the powdered hair, the gilded snuff boxes and the fluffs and frills along with velvet breeches. Ye God's how can any man talk of the dress of women when they think of that.

As for me, I wear the regulation khaki and when employed in factory or rough work I advise all you earthbound females to do likewise. And if the men want to rave about the women bobbing their hair, let 'em. The long golden tresses were all-right in the old days when women lolled around the house like a pot-flower, but you are living in a new age so get wise to yourself and be a new woman. One full of pep and red blood able to pick your man and if he don't behave, knock him for a row.

Now sisters buck up! I am going to help you and I want you to help me. Let us have your opinions.

Your sincere Friend and Well Wisher,
"SPOT" The She Devil.

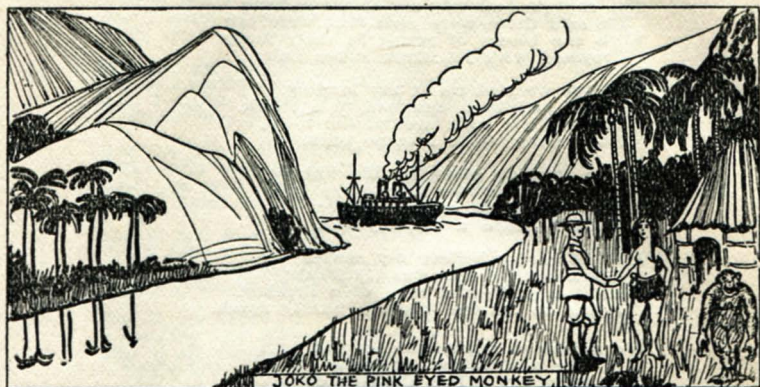
————G L O O M————

The Flapper of today may not be as guileful as the girl of grandmother's time, but they are much easier to see through.

————G L O O M————

Greatest stunt ever pulled in U. S. Wheeling, West Virginia, on the Ohio River.

GLOOM



JOKO, THE PINK-EYED MONKEY

It was down in the Capitol at Washington
'Long about the year, nineteen ten,
That I received an appointment from the government
And was considered one of the luckiest men.

I packed up my grip in a hurry,
I was eager to get away,
I thought it would be a vacation
For I had had none in many a day.

I took the first ship that was sailing,
And believe me, it was some trip.
I had packed up some books and stories
But they never left my grip.

The captain was an old rounder
And told many tales of the sea.
He had traveled much on the ocean
And rough time he'd had you could see.

We touched at the port of Havana
But I did not leave the ship.
I was more interested in the tales of the captain
And the bottle he carried on his hip.

We were bound for the great ditch in Panama
And my job there would not be a hard task
For I only had to keep books for the super,
For an easier job I could hardly ask.

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The captain had told me of the natives
He said there were girls that were fair
With the bloom of youth in their faces,
Crowned with jet black silken hair.

So after we tied up at the landing,
And I had been assigned to a shack,
I took a little walk around the town,
Not caring when I came back.

I was strolling along by the hillside
Where the bushes grew very tall;
I had no thought of any danger
Until I heard a monkey call.

I could hardly believe my senses
When I spied this beastly freak;
Was it a pink-eyed man or a monkey,
I was so startled I could hardly speak.

He screamed again and pointed
To the bushes near the trail
And there lay a Boa Constrictor
With snapping eyes and tail.

I sprang to one side in a hurry
For the snake was very near,
But a shot rang out from the bushes
And I had nothing more to fear.

The shot was fired by a maiden,
Who came leading this monkey by the hand;
She was the most beautiful creature I had ever seen,
There is not a girl fairer in any clime or land.

She said "How, How" in English
And gave me a lovely smile,
And that monkey danced and cattered
And chattered all the while.

The monkey's name was Joko
How old he was nobody knew;
Of the natives in the entire country
Those as old as he there were few.

Joko was the pet of all the men,
And came to the camp each day;
I saw that he had a plenty to eat
And never got in the way.

He would carry love tokens to Marlia,
For that was the name of the girl
Who cheered me with her wonderful smiles,
And kept my head in a whirl.

GLOOM

Now this tale is the same age old story
Of a young man and maiden fair,
For I loved as a lover had never loved before
Oh' that girl with the jet black hair.

But one day there came an end to our pleasure,
I was called back to Washington,
And I could hardly take this native girl
Whose love and caresses I had won.

But the day that my ship was to sail
She was waiting there for me,
And just why she could not go also
Was hard for her to see.

But at last in tears and sorrow,
Old Joko led her away;
That Old Monkey was sure a wise one,
And I wonder if he is there today.

For in my dreams I can see this girl
Leading Old Joko by the hand,
For of all the girls that I have met
There are none fairer in any land.

And when I see the maids and matrons
Who powder, paint and frill,
I long to go back and claim her
For I know I love her still.

And for this reason I have never married,
And perhaps some day I will land
Where I can see my beautiful Marlia,
Leading Joko by the hand.

—G L O O M—

SO SIMILAR

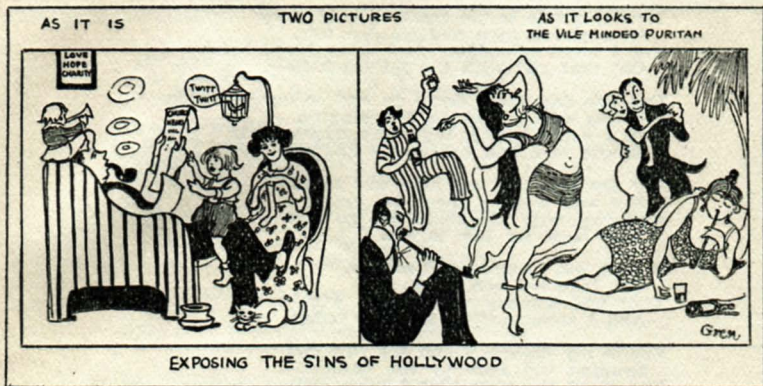
I like to see a donkey bray;
For it reminds me of the way
Some men laugh at their own dull jokes—
And almost crack the ears of folks.

—Marion (O) Star.

I love to hear most any jackass bray
It is to laugh! It reminds me of the day.
When men and women pretend good with prayer and song
But are really serving me the whole week long.

The Devil.

GLOOM



THE SINS OF MOVIE STARS

BY "THE DEVIL"

Movieiland and Hollywood! The magic names that have been on most every tongue in the country. Preachers have preached long sermons about it; newspapers have given it miles of space; wives have told their husbands about it and husbands have told their sweethearts. But the end is not yet. In fact, the sins of Hollywood and the other movie joints are just beginning to be exposed. And for this reason I have decided to establish permanent headquarters in Movieiland along with Bull Heart, Cupid Ray, Douglas Pickford, Mary Fairbanks, Toot Gibson and the rest of the bunch.

Space prevents the publishing of all of THE SINS in this issue but we wish to tip off our friends and followers about the good things to come.

No doubt every Movie Actor has hidden away in their closet a skeleton that they would not care about giving to the world and it is through our wonderful organization of the I. O. O. I. that we are able to give MOVIELAND AS IT IS and WHAT HAS BEEN.

I understand that certain writers among the "Earth Folks" have attempted in a small publication or book to portray the evils of one little corner of Movieiland known as Hollywood but in the pages of GLOOM in the future you can look for the facts as gleaned from the past of Movie Actors and others associated with them.

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MOVIELAND and MOVIE STARS. Master artists, in portraying the follies and foolishness of "Earth Folks" they get so much of it that they form a habit that is kept up when off the lot.

However, they are like every prominent official, writer, artist or man of genius, open for the criticism of the public, both good and bad.

How many movie fans are there that have not lived in their own mind the life of a screen star? Have you not followed the movements and expressions of the star and pictured yourself as playing the part in some great play that would astonish and bring the praise of the entire world? Have you not seen your own name flashed on the screen in letters of gold and heard the applause of the public? Have you not pictured where you were wine and dined by people of prominence, sought by newspaper men, seen your picture spread over the front of the page as the World's Greatest Movie Star and then after the picture was over have gone home and dreamed dreams. Then as soon as you could raise the price you went back for more pictures and to dream again.

The moving picture is the greatest instrument for good that has been given to "Earth Folks" since the advent of Christ.

Ah! But fools that ye are! You ever crucify those that do you good and worship the gods of gold, war and the profiteers who steal your labor, your rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The moving picture has made people think for themselves. The book, the newspaper, the legitimate stage all gave you thoughts expressed in print or voice. The moving picture gave you the scene and made you think and form words of your own. It has developed your brain and all unconscious of it you have developed a seventh sense. A clairvoyant ability to foretell the trend of things before it actually happens. It has shown that all thought is universal and that hundreds of people actually think the same thing at the same time. The world is in its infancy of progress and invention. The moving picture and the radio prove it.

The movie has developed the mind of the child to higher and better things. It has established courage and lofty ideals. What youth has not imagined themselves as the hero or heroine of the play? Did you ever hear an audience cheer when the bandit robbed the stage or the villain attacked the girl? No! But they do cheer when the hero appears to protect and to see that justice is done.

Preachers are telling you of the evils of the movies, of the attacks on the church. They tell you that all the robberies are caused by the evil influence of the movies. That the Wild West scenes will be acted over again in reality by the young men in the audience. What rot! Your crooks and robbers of today that serve me so well are

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made in my schools here on earth. The courts, the jails, work houses and penitentiaries, which are made possible under the great system I have for you and which is kept in existence by "honest lawyers" so that they may graft off the gulable public.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING

Sing Sing Crooks Hiss the Villain

Richard Barthelmess, the popular young screen star, who is now filming "The Bond Boy," as a First National release, says nothing will ever induce him to portray a villain in any production.

"I was never so much impressed with the fact that nobody loves the villain as on the occasion of a visit to Sing Sing State Prison. Why, even the crooks hate the villain. I went up there to see the convicts at a motion picture show. The film was an intense melodrama, in which they had one of those old-fashioned villains.

"Imagine my surprise when in one of the big scenes where the villain temporarily triumphs, I heard every one of the seventeen hundred men in that big hall hiss and show that they would like to do him bodily harm. When finally virtue triumphed and the villain was downed by the strong arm of the law, everyone of the men, many of whom were murderers and burglars serving virtually life sentences, enthusiastically applauded."

—LOS ANGELES EXAMINER.

You want to give the movies more credit for creating evil than is due them and I am not going to stand for it. I want it to go where it justly belongs.

Movies as a general thing are doing good and do not work for me but against me. However, there is another side to the story and the lives of actors are not above reproach. It is a great deal like David of biblical fame when he saw the beautiful woman washing herself in the pool. He did not hesitate a minute to place her husband in the front ranks in battle so that he might take the beautiful woman for his own. Still you "Earth Folks" read the Psalms of David and marvel at his goodness. A more poulter old reprobate never lived unless it was his son Sol. An artist may paint a beautiful and saintly picture and at the same time his life may be rotten to the core. You read the stories of gifted authors, the pages from the books of philosophers but you know that the character and the lives of these people were not always of the best. Yet you lambast the movie actor for being human. You want his life barred so that you may spread the scandal to your neighbor, that you may ponder on the supposed carousals and picture yourself taking part in these wicked scenes in the privacy of your own bedoom.

So to create as much discord in the world, as possible, to stamp out any good that may be gained from the movies, let me call in all my imps, the preachers, priests, newspapers and others that work for me so faithful and let us expose the lives of these actors and actorines and let us fill the minds of the "Earth Folks" with vile things so that there will be great rejoicing in hell.

So look out for "MOVIELAND AS IT IS and WHAT HAS BEEN."

GLOOM



MY SYSTEM FOR EARTH FOLKS

At the Devil's Speed Banquet

In honor of Hypocritical Prayer Bone Skunks and Lizzards, Bogus Politicians, Honest (?) Lawyers, Poluted Rich, Piratical Preachers and Priests and other would-be Imps who are serving me so well here on Earth.

"A Toast to Earth Folks"

Here is to The Imps of Satan,
All faithful, strong and true;
May their unjustness always continue
To make hell on earth for you.

A Few Words of Cheer from Satan

Friends and loyal followers of the Evil One!

Be of good cheer! It is a pleasure, I assure you, to have you seated at my festive board and have you partake of food produced by the labor of our victims who are living under a system of rules laid down by our loyal supporters of the past who drafted into one large book words that tell on one page. Take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and on another says, "love your enemies," and "do unto others as ye would that they would do to you." For two thousand

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years we have been more than bleeding the innocent and ignorant populace.

Civilization of Earth Folks! How thin and frail it all is! A man goes down in the dust and under their system they fall on him like a pack of wolves. His character is torn to pieces and he is left broken and bleeding by the wayside and along comes someone offering him the crust of salvation and like the drowning man he grasps at the straw and clings to a hope of reward for his efforts that exist only in the imaginary hereafter. He is to be pitied, indeed, and let me commend you, my dear brother. You do your work well. You rob the widows and orphans, keep rents and foodstuffs so high that many lose their faith in their golden hope and cast it to the winds, taking their lives in an effort to get away from it all.

Doubt, fear, hate, jealousy, selfishness, false doctrine, are ever our weapons and everyone is embodied in the teachings of the priests and sages of old. The principal and foundation of which is based on selfishness. The masters who taught that one day Knowledge, Faith, Love, Truth, Purity, Justice and Unselfishness should rule the world have had their utterances so twisted that it would tend to work for our own cause and the destruction of all hope for our victims.

Be of good cheer. "Earth Folks" ever crucify their prophets and saviors.

Did not Socrates, who opposed us, bite the dust for daring to tell the truth? He lived in the midst of our loyal followers who tried and executed him as an enemy of the state.

Another man of Syria, calm, collected, with every principal of good implanted in mind and soul, was nailed to a cross by our followers that evil might prevail upon the earth. His teachings in part have been recorded in the pages of history but have been twisted so as to serve us and us alone.

My system for "Earth Folks" breeds idleness and unemployment. The savage must have food. Idleness breeds crime and so your lawyers work to fill jails, reform schools and penitentiaries with our victims.

Jails, reform schools, work houses and penitentiaries are our best schools for crime. The system does not teach them to be good, rather the man or woman, boy or girl who commits some offense, is thrown with master criminals who complete his education in evil ways and he robs the earth folks on one side while you rob him on the other.

It is to laugh! The earth folks are kidding themselves. Churches and such organizations strut about with all the confidence of a banty rooster, believing that their prayer will give them rewards in a place where they will wear crowns studded with precious jewels and where

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the streets are pure gold. How intelligent people can believe such rot is beyond me, but it serves my purpose well.

Men and women are devoting their life building up in their imagination a paradise and mansions beyond the sky while all about them are people who hunger and thirst not only for food, but for kind words and deeds. Souls are being starved for kindness making them easy victims for us. Earth folks close up their souls like clams and they give not, neither do they receive, but verily I will give them their reward.

If their Christ would step back upon earth today and start teaching his doctrine of Love, Truth and Justice he would be worse than crucified. So "brothers in evil" you have little to fear. There are few who have sought and found the truth and when they appear they too will bite the dust like Socrates and Christ of Galilee.

I am no respecter of persons

The old and the young,
The low and the high,
Shall moulder in dust
And together shall lie.

"Earth Folks" may take their choice: They can accept the teachings of those masters who taught that "God is Love" and that "Love thy Neighbor" is the only foundation upon which man can expect peace and happiness "On Earth as in the Hereafter" or they can take the laws as were contaminated by Moses and other fanatics along with King James and other biblical adulterators and say their prayers on Sunday to save their soul from my hell of fire and on the other six days of the week rob their fellow man just as you, my loyal subjects, are doing. And when all is done you can all come home to me.

I thank you,
"THE DEVIL."

—GLOOM—

AT THE POLICE STATION

Chief: Here is a call, Murphy, from 20th St. A lady up there said her neighbors persisted in watching her every time she went in the bath room.

Murphy: Ah! Some of these "ginks" is alwus lookin' for noteriety. If they can't get it one way they will another. However, it may be worth looking into.

GLOOM

LATEST NEWS ABOUT HELL

Hell is a lake of fire under the earth, but the devil himself never goes near the place.

That is the latest news from hell, sent out by Wilbur Glenn Voliva, Supreme Dictator of Zion City. The same informant reassures us, lest we worry over the devil's loss of a home, that Satan hovers over the earth directing murders, suicides, wars and general crime, directing his squads of evil here and there to grab some damned soul as soon as it leaves the mortal body.

However, the devil will not always have his own way. The time will come, according to Voliva, when the Prince of Evil will receive homeopathic treatment. At the end of the world he will get back into hell and be destroyed in his own lake of fire.

Meanwhile, says this hot wireless, hell is in charge of a prince who represents Satan. But it is a bit disturbing to know that His Satanic Majesty is personally in charge here on earth.—

Reprint from Hearst's newspapers.

Glenn Old Boy! You are right in a measure but you have a lot to learn. I know you are conducting a first-class Little Hell of your own here on earth in Zion City, covering up with your hypocritical ravings and methods the fact that you are working for me, but do not forget that I am still in charge of all Hells, both here and hereafter. I am going to leave at the end of the word all right, but as long as I have faithful followers like you and your gulable subjects I have little to worry about. When the time comes we will have a nice warm place ready for you down below but it will not be in any place like the center of the earth. It may be warm down there, 780 degrees or so, but remember that Hell is Hot.

Your Master "The Devil."

GLOOM

IF WE UNDERSTOOD

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surrounded each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer than we judged we should,
We should love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin;
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem—I wonder—just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder,
Should we pity where we blame?

Tho! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

PUEBLO CHEIFTON.

GLOOM

THE DEVIL

(Continued from Gloom No. 1)

Well, "Earth Folks," I am back once more,
Ready to make things hot just as I did before.
My little vacation was just a return to hell,
And believe me, folks, my imps run things well.
They had so much experience while here on earth
That they keep up the habit for all their worth.
Now I know you "Earth Folks" will all agree
That I stirred up some hell on my first little spree.
And you have been hoping that I'd remain away,
But for time I have lost you will have to pay.
So I ask all my "Earth Imps" to go to work
And be careful that none of their duties shirk.
For we need all the assistance we can command,
If we are going to make a hell throughout the land.
Now get very busy and with might and main
Create trouble and woe, sorrow and pain.
For that is my object while I am here,
To make "Earth Folks" live in discord and fear;
To implant in the mind of every man,
The idea of making all the hell he can.
You can commence with the crowing of the cock,
And you can keep adding fuel every tick of the clock.
Get up a fight with your neighbor as you pass his door,
And watch the hell in his eyes begin to roar.
Spread all the scandal that you learn,
And all appeals for aid you must spurn.
Live for yourself. Look out for Number One.
Some Idea for happiness, "Ain't we got Fun."
If a cripple should beg of you on the street,
Don't give a cent, but invite friends to treat.
Order up a gallon or so of bootlegger wine,
And by the time you have finished you'll be doing fine.
You will be in excellent condition to go ahead
And make the hearts of those about you as heavy as lead.
You can beat up your wife when you go home that night,
Or if you have no wife go out and start a fight.
Get up in the morning with a head full of pain,
Then go out the next day and do it over again.

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For you know all through the history of mankind,
People to their own faults have been blind.
But to this fact all "Earth Folks" will agree,
The faults of others are very plain to see.
And instead of culling the wheat from the chaff,
You call it all chaff, and like a fool you laugh.
And if brother's mistakes make his life a hell,
Not a hand you would lend or a kind word tell.
You are no doubt patching up your own torn soul,
But the more you patch the quicker you'll reach the goal
Where you wind up at last in my home, in hell,
And then there will be a different story to tell.
Then when your Earth Deeds are weighed in the great scale,
The miss-deeds of your life will make you turn pale.
But don't let it worry you, my dear friends of earth,
I will let you continue to make hell for all you're worth.
And you think these words over just before you sleep,
That "Whatso'ever a man soweth that shall he reap."
And with these words I will leave for a time,
As I must return to a much warmer clime.
But be ready to read in GLOOM Number Three
The story of The Devil and his next little spree.
Same Old Pal, THE DEVIL.

—GLOOM—

LYNCHINGS AND BURNINGS OF NEGROS

The negro desires and takes. He knows what to expect when he assaults a white woman. He is not ignorant of the law. The trouble with him is he is usually idle and shiftless and a "hanger out" in cheap dives where his mind is filled with unclean things. The best thing for the negro or white man either is work and plenty of it. Make it compulsory if necessary, but make them work. It will keep some of our statesmen busy figuring out how to do it but that is their job. Make our statesmen work as well as think about golf and tea parties.

GLOOM

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

In each issue hereafter "The Devil" will print a part of his Dictionary. This issue we will start with—

A—The first word used by man. Expression received from man seen standing with legs apart.

Abbreviation—Modern flapper dress.

Abbreviator—One who dresses not.

Abduct—Stealing another man's wife.

Abductor—Shimmy dance.

Abed—Unprintable.

Abhor—What "earth folks" think of truth.

Abide—Sticking with a mate you don't love.

Abeggael—The maid that father kisses on the sly.

She stays on the job and mother wonders why.

Ability—To the woman a man who is strong physically and brings home the bacon. To the man a woman who can cook.

Object—Condition of larger part of "Earth Folks."

Ablaze—Condition of many minds here and hereafter.

Absorb—The way lots of people expect to gain knowledge.

The Devil's Dictionary will be continued in the next number of GLOOM. We want our readers to offer suggestions for the words. Let them come, beginning with any letter of the alphabet. We will classify them. Address all letters to Gloom Publishing Co., 230 Court St., Los Angeles, Cal.

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Captain Admunson has gone to the far north on a "Still Hunt." He hopes to discover where weather is born and if possible bring some of it back with him. Here's hoping he does.

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Shakespeare Was Right

Some women, in order to display their "talents," become movie-actresses—others, "flappers."

GLOOM



CAREER OF A. P. A. JONES

The first part of my career is not so interesting so I will pass over it hurriedly. Pa hurried out for the doctor one night and I hurried in. We have been pretty good pals ever since. Especially since the day I caught him kissing the maid. He gave me a tip and told me not to let Ma in on the secret. I thought about it along time and then one day I caught ma in the arms of the preacher—and I decided that I was going to be burdened with secrets. Ma gave me a dollar and said don't you dare tell Pa. So we all get along pretty well. When I want anything all I have to do is to wink at Ma or Pa and I get it. It's sure nice to have secrets.

The other day I was over to Aunt Maggie's house. She has only been married about two months. She was saving up money for a piano. She and her husband are quarreling already over such simple things. They had one while I was there. "Tom" (that's "Maggie's" husband) gave her one of those home savings banks when they were married and for every time he kissed her he was to put in a dime for the piano. The

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day I was there they opened the bank because it was full. There were a lot of dimes, and a lot more quarters, half dollars and bills. Where in the world did these come from? said Tom.

Well, said Maggie, other men are not as stingy as you are. And the fun began. I don't see what they had to quarrel about with all that money. Ma said yesterday that they got the piano.

I am working in the General Store down-town and the girls come in every day and bother me about things. One came in yesterday and said let me see your hose. Oh go on said I, I can't do it. Very well then I'll get your boss to show them.

We also have a drug department. I was back of the counter patching up a place on my face where I cut it shaving, (first time too) and a lady came in and says. "Have you New Skin?" and I says No, I only got cut this morning. The other day a man came in and said I sleep so sound that I can't wake up in time to get to work. Have you any alarm clocks? No said I, but I have something just as good. I sold him a box of liver pills.

The other day a fat lady got hit by an automobile near the Funeral Parlor which is just across the street from our place. I rushed out and tried to pick her up. She was too heavy for me so Mr. Smith who runs the Funeral Parlor came out and said your to light boy, I'll undertaker. All right said I, if you do I'll call a doctor. So I called up the first name that I saw under doctor's. I told him it was a rush call and to hurry. He came around in about thirty minutes and looked at the patient. Why said he, what you need is a physician. I am a horse doctor.

Last week my Boss started an egg sale. He put some crates of eggs outside and marked them strictly fresh eggs, 40c Dozen. Another crate he labeled—not so fresh, 30c dozen. Another crate he labeled, eggs 10c dozen. In about twenty minutes a boy came along on a bicycle and knocked the last named crate down and spilled eggs all over the sidewalk. He fell off his wheel, broke his arm and started to cry. Some kind people

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picked him up and someone said, "too bad." No said I, they are all had can't you smell?

Some of the girls were giving a slumber party a short time ago and were going to give a supper. They came in and ordered crackers, candles, pickles, bread and a lot of other stuff. I asked them if they didn't want to help me wrap them up so they did. One of them walked to the back part of the store and I said what are you doing now and she said, "tea's 'n coffee." What are you doing? "Milk 'n pickles," said I. One of the girls got up on the counter and started tossing stuff from the shelf. Catsup? said she. No, said I, tomato can. What else do you want? So one of the girls said, some fruit. We are giving a slumber party and haven't much room. How would pears do? That would be alright said I, but you have peaches and the party is for girls only. Well, they finally got what they wanted and from what I hear the party was a success. Perhaps I can tell you about it in Gloom No. 3.

So long,

A. P. A. JONES.

—GLOOM—

THE DEVIL'S RADIO

It used to be "Over the Top" and now it is over the Radio.

Some Flappers are so bow-legged that their knees have to have a wireless system to be on speaking terms.

Why were Adam and Eve just as modern as people of today?
Because they hung up their clothes on the wireless.

Bootleggers are installing radios!
Order yours by wireless.

The rough roaring sound coming in over the radio is not someone singing but is just the wireless waves rolling in.

GLOOM

FUEL FOR THE FURNACE

By EDWARD FRANKLIN McPHERSON

Imp., No. 5783

An Old-One In a New Way

Flap, and the world will flap with you—dress sensibly, and stay at home.

Going-Up!

The longer the stairs—the shorter the skirt—th' longer th' Stares.

Synonyms

"Chicken Coops?"—Answer: Co-ed Colleges, Young Ladies' Seminaries, Convents, Girls' Boarding Schools, Girls' Reform Schools, Finishing Schools, etc.

Fowls?

"Can you tell a young chicken from an old-one, by looking at it?" asked the young man who was on his way to market. "Not any more," replied his rather sporty companion, absend-mindedly, "now-a-days, with their bobbed-hair, short skirts, and their backs turned, most any old hen LOOKS like a spring chicken!"

Parties

The "coming-out party" of the wealthy young society girl is generally very closely followed by the arrival of several "incoming parties" (with the accent on \$income\$), whose sole asset consists of a "somewhat tarnished title," a "monicle" in one eye and the other on the "income," which, if sufficiently inflated, is usually the indirect cause of a "wedding party," immediately followed by "both parties" giving a "farewell party" to their social acquaintances, and this is generally the direct cause of the "stock" in this particular "duekdom" having a "going-up" party," and the whole thing usually winds up with all of the "parties" giving a "law'n party" in the divorce court.

GLOOM

Making Hay While the MOON Shines"

The cloud of gloom that has been looming on the anti-prohibitionist's horizon ever since the enactment of the 18th Amendment has again proved that there is more truth than poetry in the old adage, "every cloud has a silver lining"—"to the bootlegger."

T. N. T.—"Rest In Pieces"

The most convenient way of "shufflin' off this mortal coil," now-a-days, is to try to become personally acquainted with the concoction that is "dribblin' from the end of the Copper-Coil."

Why?

Chauncey Depew NEVER drinks anything, except at a wedding. He says that he does not approve of single-blessedness, ANYMORE, and has had his things moved next door to "the little church around the corner." Why?

Before and After

When the bootlegger is seen leaving by the back-gate, the undertaker is seen nailing Crepe on the front-door, shortly afterwards.

"Where Did HE Get It?" (Don't mention it!)

"Do you think that prohibition has improved men's morals any?" asked a young businessman of an acquaintance, whom he had met coming out of an alley.

"S-s-s-shure," replied the other, thickly, "don't m-men h-shun it!"

Stomach Troubles

Wandering Willie had asked the good woman to give him a bite to eat. "What on earth's th' matter with you, that you don't go to work and earn your food?" she asked, sharply. "Stomach trouble, mam," he answered, laconically. "Well, well," said the good woman, "if that's th' case, why I'll give you something to eat. I have a pretty hard time keeping anything on MY stomach, sometimes." "Dat ain't MY trouble, lady," answered Willie, "I have an awful time GETTIN' anything to PUT on mine—ALL DE TIME!"

GLOOM



RULES AND REGULATIONS OF INDIGNENT ORDER OF FLAPPERS

The purpose of this organization is to promote the welfare of the girls who believe they have a right to think as they please, breathe as they please, wear as little and what they please, go where they please, live as they please and die the same way.

Rule No. 1. All flappers must agree to do the things that the purity squad and reformers say we should not do.

Rule No. 2. All flappers must work for the best interest of the order, and recruits or candidates are wanted, especially among the old maids, grandmothers and the stout matrons who are trying to regain their girlish figure.

Rule No. 3. All flappers must wear their dresses just a little above the knee so that when you sit down you can give those about you a thrill. Remember that without thrills life is a bore. Do your duty.

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Rule No. 4. All flappers must go on parade at least once a week wearing pink knickerbockers of very thin silk. This is done only as a matter of form.

Rule No. 5. All flappers should wear their waists as low as possible to avoid getting over heated. Let the flappers flop. And whenever possible stoop over so that you can catch the breeze. Be sure some man is looking.

Rule No. 6. Do not keep company with men more than seven days of the week for you know you must have some rest.

Rule No. 7. If a man asks you to go automobile riding, go, but if he asks you to walk home. Let your conscience be your guide.

Rule No. 8. All flappers must use lots of paint and powder. Remember the Father of our country said: In time of peace prepare for war. Use plenty of powder. Preparedness is one of our mottos.

Rule No. 9. Flappers should never marry more than one husband at a time. Husbands are very jealous and one must have some peace in the family. If there is any fighting to be done do it yourself.

Rule No. 10. Always try to get in the bright lights especially on sunshiny days so that you can use the sun for an X-Ray. The doctors tell us it is very invigorating.

(To be continued in Gloom No. 3)

—GLOOM—

In the Philippino family the mother is held in reverence. This, I suppose, another thing you civilized "earth folks" discarded as barbarianism.

GLOOM

A Wifemade Man

Percy was a poor fish, always ill at ease;
When he met a pretty girl, he trembled at the knees.
Got moist when dancing, stuttered when he spoke,
His clothes were always shiny and he was always broke.
But Amy Lukers loved him, with a love akin to pity.
And finally she married him, though she wasn't pretty.
But Amy had some money and she had brains as well,
And the way she spruced up Percy is quite a treat to tell.
Percy is the main guy in Tonkinville today,
Fellows who once scorned him are working in his pay.
The moral of this story is, a clever woman can
Make a hopeless mutt into quite a useful man.

The Right Way

Ronald was a writer, he reeled forth rippling verse,
Read it to his friends, who used to writhe and curse.
Sent it to the papers, who promptly sent it back.
Ronald's nearly starving and is living in a shack.
He never has a dollar, and has hardly any clothes
And still he keeps on writing rotten verse and prose.
His relations wish he had a trade, plumbing or beating rugs,
But Ronald knows his futures rosy, he knows he's going bugs.
He'll dwell in stately mansions and loll beneath rare trees,
Read verses to the Wanderines and live a life of ease.
The moral of this story is really very sad,
To live by writing verses one must first go mad.

GLOOM



THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION A LA BRYAN

Bryan, as usual, seems to be the universal joke. I was up in Mars last week and King Romat of the kingdom of Etal asked me why the vibrations were so strong from the earth and I told him it was the racket being raised by Bryan on evolution. Why, said Romat, don't Bryan believe in evolution? Not on your life, said I. He believes just like Topsy in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "he just happened." That is his theory of how man started. Ha! ha! said Romat, he certainly is the bunk. I never heard of Topsy, but I get the idea. It sounds interesting. If those books on earth ever wake up enough to answer the signals we have been making for the past three centuries perhaps we will know more about the earth.

You know its funny, said Romat. Our people here used to believe a lot of rot about fairy tales and fables that some fool writer penned several thousand years ago. People are still like apes—you give them an idea and 75 per cent of them will accept it and act on it as their own, and get sore if someone suggests that he thought of it first.

GLOOM

A few years back we had an epidemic on Mars of Hagcraft. People got the idea that those gifted with unusual talents were possessed with evil spirits and they began to burn or hang them. They tried a cure of tying them up in a sack and chucking them, with a rock tied to them, in our canals. If they lived and came to the top they were innocent and if they drowned they were guilty.

Yes, said I, those boobs down on earth, including Bryan, are the same way. They have been reading a book which in reality is a set of books bound into one written by about forty different authors. It contains a set of rules and regulations that people went by thousands of years ago. They have an idea that by following its teachings they will go to a place called Heaven, when they die. Well, some of these people have gone crazy trying to follow its teachings. About 2,000 years ago a lot of priests, monks and kings got together and rewrote a lot of it so that they would always have the people working for them, and that the people's reward would come in the hereafter. The whole thing was founded on selfishness. The idea of being good to save one's soul from eternal punishment appealed to the narrow-minded human, so he set out to be as good as he could, not for the good he could do someone else, but to save his own dirty carcass from the punishment of hell fire that I keep burning.

Ha! ha! said Romat, that is rich; so they actually believe that! Say, that's good! They certainly must be a lot of chumps. But a thousand years ago people up here were a good deal like that but they woke up to the fact that true happiness or heaven, as the earth folks call it, lies in the fact that one shall work for all and all for one and that when they die they only keep up in spirit life the work they have left unfinished on earth. It has certainly made a wonderful change. In fact, so many people could not exist on Mars unless we had such a system.

GLOOM

Well, my talk with Romat did me a lot of good for I knew I had a lot of time yet on earth before you would wake up enough to give me the can-can.

Well, so long for this time.

THE DEVIL.

—GLOOM—

The red-headed congressman from Kentucky was a fire eater for oratory and took great delight in making jokes about the congressmen and their respective states.

When called upon for a toast one evening at a banquet, he arose, threw out his chest and began—

Here is to the American Eagle,
That noble bird of prey,
Who fattens on food from Kentucky's fertile soil
But starves in Iowa.

The congressman from Iowa arose, his eyes spitting fire, and remarked—

Here is to the state of Iowa,
Our products many prizes have won;
The Kentucky eagle you refer to, is a buzzard,
You red-headed sun of a gun.

—GLOOM—

A cow kicked the lamp that started the Chicago fire in 1870 and Chicago people have been "shooting the bull" about it ever since.

GLOOM

O STANDS FOR OPPORTUNITY AND THIS IS YOURS

In every state and territory in the United States and the provinces of Canada we are going to distribute several thousand dollars in prizes to readers of Gloom, "The Devil's Book." Prizes will be given as follows:

One of eighteen letters making Gloom, "The Devil's Book," is printed above. Others are printed on cards and distributed through the newsstands where Gloom is sold and in other ways. Other letters will be printed in newspapers in your city and throughout the state. Another letter will be printed in a future issue of Gloom. The contest is open to everybody—men, women and children—no one is barred.

For the first one in your state to get a complete set of letters and mail to publishers of Gloom, \$100.00 will be given. The second set \$50.00 and the third set \$25.00. Now here is an easy way to earn a little money without much effort. When set is completed, address it by registered mail to

GLOOM PUBLISHING COMPANY,
230 Court St., Los Angeles, Calif.

—GLOOM—

ONE PREACHER WITH SENSE

Rev. Dr. Smuker of Hazelton, Pa., blames 75 per cent of the matrimonial disasters on mothers-in-law. Doctor, you have too much sense for a preacher. If you don't look out people will run you out of your church. A man with such ideas in his head is not working for me, and it is a good thing for me that there are few like you.

GLOOM

SPEAR THRUSTS

Nine-tenths of the people who are praying for guidance through the pearly gates wouldn't stop to give a poor, hungry cripple a dime.

—GLOOM—

The men of today and yesterday who ask a girl to marry them demand that she be pure and untouched as the new blown snow. Where would our marriage be if the conditions were reversed.

—GLOOM—

There is more hell in a woman's tongue and eyes than all my lips can make artificially in a week.

—GLOOM—

A woman often wonders why friend husband don't say the pretty things about her and pay her the attention he did before they were married, never stopping to consider the fact that she has entirely changed her method of seeking love and affection. Love and kindness usually bring the same in return.

—GLOOM—

A photographer in New York of many years experience says men are vainer than the women, are more exact about their appearance, and much harder to please. Correct also when it comes to selecting a life partner. A woman is satisfied with most anything that wears pants. But the man wants virtue, loveliness and a lot more along with it.

—GLOOM—

We wonder why "The Flapper?" Why the pinched cheeks? Why the slender limbs and narrow hips? Go to a fat stock show and note with what tender care the brood sow is handled. Go to the cattle man or horse man and see how highly they prize their cows and mares. Ask them how many thousands have been spent to build up the stock in these animals. How they are guarded from being frightened and from nervousness. Then turn to your woman and your boasted civilization. What has civilization done to make better babies? Civilization! Ye gods, how it stinks!

GLOOM

TEAM WORK IN MARRIED LIFE

I have had little to say about married folks elsewhere in this issue, because I feel that you need something more than mere words. A lot of you at least. You certainly play for me strong. The wife, instead of helping friend husband, hinders him by asking for foolish things he can not afford. You insist on a grand touring car when you should have a bicycle. You demand fine dresses of silk when you should wear calico. You complain when your husband needs help and sympathy. You greet him with pouts and tears when there should be smiles and laughter. Then on the other hand, friend husband comes home nursing a grouch after I have been making it interesting for him in business all day. He says, "what's the matter with this steak?" at the dinner table. It's scorched or something and you reply. Yes, it scorched while I was darning your darned socks and then the fun begins.

It is certainly a fine thing for me that there is little team work in married life. It does not take long for me to break up a home where there is no harmony and where each one is thinking only of their own joys and sorrows, and I would add with the kind assistance of my loyal helper the mother-in-law, the divorce court ends the game.

Same as ever,

"THE DEVIL."

GLOOM

If the recent experiments that were made in New York are to be considered, we will soon be having our moving pictures over the radios. Actors will display their talents before a large broadcasting machine. And Oh Joy. There will be no censor to clip out the interesting dressing scenes, bath scenes and other naughty things you "Earth Folks" should not see, much less think about.

GLOOM

SMILE DURN IT SMILE

Do you know
That a smile
Or a kind word
Often makes
The world
A different place
To live in?
Sometimes
As we go
Down the street
We meet people
Who look sad
And who believe
They have more
Trouble
Than all the rest
Of the World
A smile
Or a kind word
Often makes them
Look at things

Different.
They go on their way
Rejoicing
Spreading Sunshine
So get out
Of that grouch
And start
To smiling
Say a kind word
Do your part
To make this
A better world
And you will find
That you'll be happier
Than you
Have ever been.
In other words
If your face
Wants to smile
Let it.

—"The Devil"

AND ONE OF HIS ANGELS SAYS

Smile and the world smiles with you,
Laugh and the world will roar.
Growl, and smile will leave you
Never to return any more.
For all of us cannot be handsome,
Nor can we all wear fine clothes;
Wear a smile, it's not expensive,
And it covers a world of woes.

GLOOM

HARD TIMES COMING

Yes it sure is Hard Times these days, says Toney the Barber. I sleep in da bed that is hard. Get up in a da morn and my wife she is hard boiled. We have hard biscuits for breakfast along wid da hard boiled eggs. My tin a Lizzie she start a hard. I have a hard time getting to a da shop. Have a hard time paying da rent. Business she is a hard. I have a hard time getting rid of a da peddlers, beggers and da agents and when I go a home at night I have a hard time dodging a da Hard Boiled Yeggs. But it may be as Harding remarked. It is not a da Hard Times, coming, now it is just a da soft times leaving. You tell em soft collar.

—GLOOM—

THE END IN VIEW

Judge Weathersby was a good old southern gentleman and many of his colored clients took advantage of his great heartedness.

One day an old negress rang at the door of the Judge's residence. A maid answered and then reported to the Judge: "There is an old negro woman out there with a contribution blank asking for funds to buy her boy some trousers."

"All right, Mary, show her in," said the Judge.

The old negress told her story and then said, "Look at dat boy, Jedge. He sho need som clos mighty bad. Turn roun' Rastus and sho de Jedge your pants."

"Great Scott," said the judge. "He sure needs something." So he gave the woman a half dollar and wrote on the subscription blank, "To the end in view, 50c."

LEGS

Legs to the right of us.

Legs to the left of us.

Legs in front of us,

How they display them!

On they go trippingly,

Dainty and skippingly,

Frost that bites nippingly,

Does not dismay them.

Straight legs and bandy ones.

Bum legs and dandy ones.

Awkward and handy ones

Flirt with the breeze;

Round legs and flatter ones,

Thin legs and fatter ones,

Especially the latter ones,

Showing their knees.

Knock-kneed and bony ones,

Real legs and phony ones.

Silk-covered and tony ones,

Second to none.

Straight and distorted ones,

Mates and ill-sorted ones,

Home and imported ones,

"Ain't we got fun?"

—Exchange.

GLOOM

What kind of punch has the most kick in it?

Ans.—"White Mule."

—GLOOM—

PUT AND TAKE

An old man was walking along a road one night when he was confronted by a burly stranger.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We're going to have a game of put and take, old chap," replied the stranger.

"Put and take!" gasped the old man, shivering with fright.

"Yes," said the burly one. "You put yer hands up and I'll take yer money."

—GLOOM—

Editor—Did you interview Bryan as I told you?

Reporter—Yes, I did.

Ed.—Well, what did he say?

Rep.—Nothing.

Ed.—Well, I am aware of that, but how many columns will it take.

—GLOOM—

A few years back the Germans were saying, "Hock the Kaiser." Now they are hocking everything they have to pay their war losses.

—GLOOM—

MARY'S RAM

Mary also had a little ram
As fine as any in the land
He butted Mary in the back
And Mary now prefers to stand.

—GLOOM—

Neut Perkins says: "A flapper, by heck, is a girl that carries out the ideas and does the things that an old maid has in her head.

MODERN KING COLE

Old King Cole was a Merry Old Scout
A Merry Old Scout was he,
He called for his girls, he called for
his eats,
And then, "Turn on the Radio,"
said he.

—GLOOM—

Farm sign to keep stock out:

"Notice Aforesaid.

"If any man's or woman's ox or oxen gets in these here oats, off goes his or her tail, as the case might be.

MILT PERKINS,

"Constable."

—GLOOM—

Grass—What is a flapper's favorite fruit?

Hopper—That's easy. I give up.
What is her favorite fruit?

Grass—Dates, of course!

—GLOOM—

Moon—Why are newspapers, a girl's lips and a dill pickle so much alike?

Shine—Because the girls like pickles?

Moon—No, crazy, because a newspaper and a girl's lips are both red.

Shine—But where does the dill pickle come in?

Moon—Well, that's where you bite.

—GLOOM—

If a flapper tells you her folks are well off you can believe it if they are anything like her clothes.

—GLOOM—

Alice—So you are a lady's maid now?
Grace—Oh, yes, that is what they call me, but the mister is a very nice man.

GLOOM

THE GHOST OF TEDDY SMILES

Down in Kentucky Robert Baker is having a gay time at the age of eighty-four. He has just become the father of his thirty-third child. The mother, who has eight children, is the seventh wife of Mr. Baker. What that man knows about women and family affairs would fill a volume or two.

—GLOOM—

Hush, little flapper,
Don't you cry,
You'll marry a sucker
Bye and bye.—Gloom.

Please, little flapper,
Won't you hush?
Your conversation
Makes me blush.
—Nashville Tennessean.

Please, little flapper,
Don't you cry,
You'll be an old hen
Bye and bye.
—Hastings Neb. Tribune.

—GLOOM—

Lives of rich men often remind us
We could have more dough, by
Heck,
If we'd pass up get-rich-quick
schemes—
And hang onto what we get.

—Hastings Neb. Tribune.

Lives of rich men oft remind us
Of the methods of robbers and
yeggs.
And while all look lovely on the sur-
face,
At the core are rotten and smell
like bad eggs.

—GLOOM—

GET THIS LADIES

New York barbers are installing ap-
paratus for giving men permanent
waves. Not radio, either.

The bird who plays
A saxophone
By all means ought
To live alone.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The luke who tweaks
A mandolin
Had best be out
When I come in.
—Akron (Ohio) Times.

He ought to be
Towed out to sea
Who plays a
Steam callopie.
—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

He surely ought
To Russia go—
The gink who plays
On the oboe.
—Warren (O.) Tribune.
And he who plays
The bass oboe,
To hell I know
He sure should go.
—Hastings, Neb. Tribune.

In my opinion any bird
Who plays on wind or string
Has had hell enough here on earth,
And hereafter should with angels
sing.

—GLOOM—

Lamp—Let's go and get lit up.
Match—What on?
Lamp—Wood alcohol!

—GLOOM—

Customer—Here, artist, let me have
this picture of the cat and dog.
Artist—But that is not finished.
The cat has too mean a look.
Customer—That's just why I want
it. It resembles my mother-in-law.

—GLOOM—

Boys! When you choose a wife just
remember that although all cats purr,
they also have claws, and that hid-
den in the beautiful rose fragrant with
perfume, hides the sharp thorn.

GLOOM

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Alice—No! dear, according to Hollywood etiquette, he should not have touched you on the piazza.

—GLOOM—

What kind of a girl is Florence?

Well, she has had a sofa in her apartment for three years and it is still good as new.

—GLOOM—

AT THE MODERN DANCE HALL

Girl—I'll bet you never saw people dancing like this in your days.

Old Boy—Oh, yes, I did. But they usually started throwing bottles at one another and the police raided the place.

—GLOOM—

Pat—Well, Moike, how did you enjoy your trip to France and Italy?

Mike—Oh, I liked it well enough, but there were too many foreigners.

—GLOOM—

George—You ask what is the best way to ask a flapper to dance? Well, George, that all depends upon the time, the place and the flapper.

—GLOOM—

A QUESTION

My faithful old alarm clock

Went off at break of day,

Will the thermos bottle stopper

If he meets her on the way?

—Home Friend.

This silly question about said clock sure makes me frown,

For how can thermos bottle stopper unless she's run down?

And if her hands are moving how can he do her harm?

Then if he glances at her face she's sure to give alarm.

HOW SHOCKING

I knew a young lady in Lisle,
Who dressed in the daringest stifle;

When she walked down the street
Then men blushed to their feet,
For she wore little more than a smile!

—Home Friend.

Another young flapper of great repute
Went to the seashore in a bathing suit.

When she came out of the water she was a sight

For it clung to her form and it was some tight,

And the men all exclaimed "Oh, ain't she cute?"

—GLOOM—

Judge—Well, Mose, what do you know about the reputation of this woman for truth and veracity?

Mose—Well, Judge, I know she talk de truf, but as to de veracity, some say she does and some she doesn't.

—GLOOM—

ALL RIGHT

The bill of fare said that "young fry" were "special." One of the traveling men turned to the pretty waitress and asked: "Honestly, now; how is the chicken?"

"I'm all right. How are you, you fresh rooster?"

—GLOOM—

IN THE PARK

Masher (taking seat beside young lady)—Don't you feel lonely with no one to talk to?

Young Lady (haughtily)—Yes, I do, and it is getting worse every minute.

—GLOOM—

One man asks for sun and one for rain,

And sometimes both together.

But if you have sunshine in your heart

It matters not what the weather.

GLOOM

Communications, Comments, Curses?

We feel quite elated over the reception that was accorded GLOOM NO. 1, and we take this means of thanking one and all for their good wishes and words of cheer for, laying all jokes aside, we would rather have your good will than your money, and we want you to enjoy every issue of GLOOM. As for the curses there were none and adverse criticism very little. The worst that we have heard of GLOOM was that the contents were something like another successful magazine, but the contents were good at that. One disgruntled party, to whom we presented a copy because he could not pay for it, said: The best thing in it was that Mother in Law story. I hope you will have a better issue next time. We are giving away no more copies.

And now comes the Comments and Communications. There are too many to print all, so we select a few at random and print a part of these letters to show what they say about GLOOM.

Prof. Frank Householder of Los Angeles, the only scientific numerologist in the world who knows more about words and numbers than any living man, and who can tell from your birth date and name who and just what you are, says: By Golly! It's great! It tells the truth! It hits them all, and they need it. Why Old Bill Nye couldn't have done better himself.

J. M. Near, Editor and Publisher of Quirt, who is a prince of a fellow and a man we would like to grasp by the hand, says: I congratulate you on the initial number and extend my sincere wish that you prosper.

Jas. B. Spencer, Advertising Manager of Butte, Montana, Daily Post, says: I have read Gloom through with much pleasure and believe you will have a good sale here.

Miss B. Berry, high-class saleswoman, says: You have done very well, yes, exceedingly well. I have loaned my copy to several and all say it is good and will run close to other successful magazines of this kind.

"The Golden Rule," Newspapers, Periodicals and Magazines; Butte Montana; Chas. T. Lomas.

W. C. Delzell.

"Gloom" Publishing Co.,

330 Court St.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sir:—Your letter just received with copy of "Gloom No. 1" asking us to take on the agency here if agreeable, etc. We have given the Porcupine—it cannot be dubbed a Chipmunk—the once over and congratulate the editor, and author, and the manager. It is fairly clean and snappy, without being classed as flith. The market is overburdened with nasty freaks not worth mentioning here. We are willing to give "The Devil" due consideration if agreeable to you. As a rule we were and are perfectly willing in this case to give "The Devil" a run for good money.

Shoot! make all the noise you can. Give us the goods and right-of-way, we will hand them out!

CHAS. T. LOMAS.

Mr. Phillips, Credit Man of Sierra Paper Co., Los Angeles, from whom paper is purchased to print Gloom, says: You have good articles in it and it should go over big.

Johnny Barter, Salesman, Sierra Paper Co., Los Angeles: It's a sensible book and tells the truth. The girls at the office made away with my copy before I could read all of it, and they all enjoyed it.

Dear Devil:—I found in your book Gloom more truth and common sense than I ever found in any book or paper. Mrs. F. Lindner, Los Angeles, Calif.

Space forbids us printing other Comments and Communications; but we invite comments about our magazine. If you have any suggestions, praise or criticism, let us have it.

GLOOM



EXPERIENCES OF PETE THE PLUMBER

True Accounts from Life by Pete Himself

Howdy folks! Just as well introduce myself. I am Pete, the plumber. Began and ended my career in little old Philadelphia, Pa. Some burg! believe me, and not so slow as some people think. Most folks think the plumber has a life of ease—works fifteen minutes a day and robs his customers the other 7 hours and 45 minutes. Not so with me. The other morning a lady called me up and said my pipes are leaking. I said, tie them up with some old rage and I will be right out. Not my nose, you fool! I mean my water pipes. Yes, said I, patiently, that is what I had reference to. All right, but please hurry. When I arrived I found that a little boy had left a faucet running, some paper had stopped the overflow and there was a quart or so of water on the floor. There was nothing to repair. What would you do? Well, I charged up in my ledger:

GLOOM

| | |
|--|---------|
| To one vile name..... | \$ 6.00 |
| To ignorance and carelessness in Mrs. James..... | 10.00 |
| To one telephone conversation..... | 3.00 |

Did she complain? Oh yes, that kind always do that.

My next call was for a place out in the suburbs. Hurry Mr. Plumber, my elbo is out of joint or something and water is running all over my back stoop. Hurry please. I rushed out in the Lizzie. The trouble was in the connection on the kitchen range.

I went to work back of the stove. A maid was busy in the room ironing. The range was red hot and the room still hotter, and behind that range, oh boy!

The joints were rusted and in that close quarters work was hard. I was working faithfully. When the door facing me on the side of the room leading to a stairway opened and in walked a lady, just as happily clothed as the day she was born. She walked unconcerned to the clothes basket on the floor and picked up some garment, and said: "Mary, I haven't a clean thing to put on, and I must have this ironed at once." Just then she spied me. Well, we both stared for a minute. She turned red and I turned redder, and then she gasped. My God! I forgot all about the plumber, and made a dash for the stairs. When I made out the bill I charged as follows:

| | |
|---|--------|
| To fixing elbow..... | \$5.00 |
| Repairs..... | 1.00 |
| Credit account of elbows, knees, etc..... | \$5.50 |

Balance due\$0.50

My next call was out in the swell residential district. It was one of those early morning calls. Connections in bath room of swell home were leaking. I answered the call and rang at the

GLOOM

door fifteen minutes afterward. The maid answered and said: "Go right up to the bath room and see what is the matter." The bath room was a large affair, with all modern plumbing. I was busy with tools down on the floor in one corner of the room when in walked a young lady, locked the door, slipped from her bath robe, stepped into the tub and turned on the shower. Then she spied me. She didn't scream and I didn't. Finally she said, "Well, Mr. Plumber, its my fault, its a good lesson and I needed it. Please forget that it happened." She stepped out of the tub, donned her robe and without a glance at me walked out of the room. That girl had sense, and that is what I charged her. Account of

Miss Risk

| | |
|------------------------------|--------|
| To repairs in bath room..... | \$8.00 |
| Credit horse sense..... | 8.50 |

Credit balance due Miss Risk.....\$0.50

Yours truly,

PETE.

P. S.—And they say that a plumber is a robber and has no sense of humor.

—GLOOM—

AT THE BEACH

First lady: Will you look at those women in those tight bathing suits?

Second lady: Yes, isn't it awful. First the women wore skirts with stockings and shoes. Then they took off shoes and stockings and donned skirted suits like the men. Next they left off the skirt part and put on a "sea suit," low in neck and back and only legs long enough to step into.

First lady: Yes, and all that has happened in less than a year. I wonder what they will wear a year from now.

G L O O M

"MOTHER-IN-LAW"

Oh, you Mother-in-Law! Yes, I am back again and just as full of pep as ever. I notice you have been following my instructions alright, for business in the divorce courts has picked up wonderfully. But now I want to take up the mother-in-law on the young man's side of the family and by the time I have educated the female side of the house as first class she-devils I will go after the father-in-law.

I know you dear ladies who have a young hopeful just married to a sweet little girl will do most anything I ask, so to get trouble started go to their little cozy nest and make a remark to his young wife like this: "Oh! I had such beautiful wedding presents from my friends when I was married." And as you go over the list of her presents do not forget to mention that your friends gave you much better ones at your wedding. Then when you have your dear boy aside: "Say, don't you think Alice should keep the house tidier or don't you think that Alice should see that the windows are washed oftener?"

Or, "I know, dear John, that Alice can not cook. Why did you ever marry her? You would have been so much better off at home."

Then invite him home often when Alice can not be there and be sure you have some of your young female friends present who can say and do pretty things so that he will begin to wonder if he really has not made some mistake.

Then just as soon as you have the thought planted in his mind, nurse it with tender care and you will soon have a divorce in the family.

Do all this in my name.

"THE DEVIL."

G L O O M

A millionaire in Ohio was arrested for offering a \$1,000 bill in a department store in payment of a small purchase. The employes became alarmed and telephoned the police and he and his pretty companion were locked up as bank robbery suspects. Any man crazy enough to carry about one thousand dollar bills as pocket change ought to be given life. He is subjecting 999 people out of every thousand to sudden heart failure.

GLOOM

THE ILLEGITIMATE CHILD

The question of what to do with the child born out of lawful wedlock is vexing society. A new bill, to be introduced in California and other states, will, if it is passed, make the natural parents the legitimate father and mother.

There is a surer and quicker way, but "earth folks" are as yet only speaking of it in whispers. It is to make every child the property of the state with reverence and protection for the mother. Civilization as practiced by you "earth folks" is rotten to the core. Seventy per cent of marriages are a failure, and it is getting no better fast. The situation suits me all right, but I am wondering what **you** are going to do.

Same old friend,

THE DEVIL.

——GLOOM——

THE WORLD'S NEED TODAY

A little more kindness and a little less creed;
A little more giving and a little less greed;
A little more smile and a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;
A little more "we" and a little less "I";
A little more laugh and a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of Life;
And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

——GLOOM——

CLEVERNESS

Jones—Tell me just what a good business man is?

Brown—That's easy. A good business man is one who can buy goods from a Scotsman and sell them to a Jew—at a profit!"—London Answers.

GLOOM

THE BIG SURPRISE

This issue would hardly be complete without a word or two about the reception given GLOOM, The Devil's Book, by the wholesale news dealers of the United States and Canada.

GLOOM went over in Los Angeles with a BANG, and it is still Banging. Many of the news-stands had to re-order at least a dozen times, and at this writing the second edition of No. 1 is almost exhausted, making a third edition of No. 1 necessary.

A letter from The Stanley News Service of Toronto, Canada, asks for the wholesale distribution for the entire Province of Ontario.

The Quaker News Company, wholesale book house, says: Send us 500 copies of each issue, and quote us wholesale price for general distribution in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

The Pierce Building News Company says: Send us 1,000 copies to distribute to local stands here in St. Louis.

Mr. Geo. Liebst of Chicago, national distributor of magazines, orders for the entire city of Chicago and asks for a general distribution of nearby states.

Orders of fifty, seventy-five, one hundred, five hundred and by the thousands coming in on every mail from cities in all parts of the United States leads us to believe that the news-stand circulation of GLOOM No. 2 will reach 200,000 copies.

Every mail brings us orders for single copies and requests for subscription blanks.

The editor and manager take this means of thanking one and all for the assistance and good will of those who helped us put it over.

We feel especially elated over the reception of GLOOM at a

GLOOM

time when magazines all over the country are suspending publication.

Now, if our readers like GLOOM and wish to see it grow and prosper, we will appreciate your suggestions and comments. But, best of all, tell your friends about it.

We thank you.

THE GLOOM PUBLISHING COMPANY.

—GLOOM—

MISS CALIFORNIA EXTENDS AN INVITATION

Come, gentle tourist, come,
To the land of flowers and sun,
Where the ladies are demurest,
And the days are full of fun;
Where the winter time is summer,
And the summer's just the same,
And prosperity's a hummer,
'Mid the bright poinsettia's flame.
Here you run whene'er you walk,
Here you rhyme whene'er you talk,
And here your fortunes never balk,
My, but you'll be glad you came.

—SKITTY FLAPPER.

—GLOOM—

It is said that "Knowledge is Power," but if the world had to depend upon the knowledge gained by the investigations of Congress the people would be ignorant and weak indeed.

—GLOOM—

You cannot always tell where women stand, but it's a safe bet you can tell when they lie.

GLOOM

MY POSITION

To retain my position as the master in the realms of darkness, I have attained unto all wisdom. I have all power on the side of disintegration. What men build up by their wonderful wisdom to free from slavery the down-trodden, I raise an imp from the depths to confiscate and control, so that the light of heaven may not yet be allowed to shine upon those who have served me so long and faithfully. I point the way of Death; I point the way of disappointed hopes and fears. I am the inspiration of the opposite of good, yet there is no good aside from which is builded into life by overcoming my opposition. When I am overcome in any of my nefarious schemes, a great awakening takes place and the gates of paradise swing ajar to let those pass who have won the victory. When the laws of life that enable men to live forever are discovered I destroy that one who has exposed this great principle of alchemy to the world and cause the world to reject this philosophy. I destroy everything. It is my business to see that the laws of Nature are put into force and held in equilibrium. I oppose all construction and finally win the victory for a time in placing all matter beyond human analysis. I hold in my possession all things that have faded away, and yet I cannot hold forever that that is not, for verily it cometh back to remanifest and I suffer it to thrive and wax strong for a season, but ever and anon I gain the upper hand and destroy its very seeming again so endlessly that the turmoil of human thought has not reached even a faint understanding of the laws that God and I alone know how to keep working shuttle-cock-like in weaving and raveling the skein of endless life.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

—G L O O M—

Because a girl takes her calves to market it is no sign her stock(ings) are for sale.

GLOOM

PITHY "POMES"

THE VAMP

Montgomery was an actor who loved to vamp the girls;
He was rather short on morals, but very long on curls.
They used to write him mash-notes which he read aloud
To fellow Pork and Beaners who composed his crowd.
Monty answered some notes when his fancy so dictated,
The resulting sobby stories are much better unrelated.
Mrs. Sarah Pringle Ryebeck, the sout "Y" secretary,
Got one of Monty's notes addressed to her daughter Carrie.
She kept the assignation in the Purleus of the Park
And met the bold Montgomery shortly after dark.
The doctor and the ambulance, which hastened to the scene,
Gathered shattered Monty from off the village green.
Monty learned a lesson at considerable expense.
Carrie, in a convent, is learning common sense.
The moral for all actors (if they have a moral spark)
It: Don't meet your fair admirers after it is dark.

—GLOOM—

BEEN THERE BEFORE

Little Frances returned unusually early from school the other day. When she arrived home, she found the door locked and the window shades drawn. She rang the bell. No answer. She rang again. Still no answer. A third time she pressed the button long and hard. Nobody came to the door, so she went to a window and pressed her little pink nose against the pane, and in a shrill voice that all the neighbors could hear called: "It's all right mama, it's only me."

—GLOOM—

This bird is keen for geography. Eagle, Reading Pennsylvania.

GLOOM

ON GETTING A HEARING

The man with a grievance is a nuisance. The man with a plan is welcome.

Grievances annoy other people, but fail to interest them. The tone of voice has a faint wail in it.

Some public reformers make the same mistake as the man with a grievance. The faults they point out are worth noting. The men they snipe are fair game. The failure of these earnest critics lies in the unfailing gloom they carry and spread.

They leave all the good tunes to the sinners. They get no fun out of their fights.

We do not need a prophet to tell us that some of the conditions of life are sour and hard.

Human affairs are more of a quick lunch than a banquet.

This earth is an imperfect sphere, slightly flattened at the poles. And in celestial terms it is a third-rate planet, at best.

But we are on it and cannot get off it. We are in it and cannot get out of it.

In suggesting amendments to the common lot, there is needed a genial and hearty note.

Best of all, let the reformers bring a plan instead of a grievance.—Los Angeles Examiner.

The above writer has, no doubt, heard that a guy by the name of Socrates got a hearing and the public poisoned him. Jesus Christ got a hearing and they nailed him to a cross. John Brown got a hearing and they hung him. Eugene Debs got a hearing and they jailed him. Wilshire got a hearing, but the public made it impossible to remain in the United States. Plans! Ye Gods, friend, the woods are full of men and women with plans that would tend to make conditions better, but no matter whether he be a carpenter, a hod carrier or a congress-

GLOOM

man, if he advocates anything new in the way of plans, according to the public idea he is crazy. I am indeed surprised to see such an article published in a paper like The Examiner.

—GLOOM—

LAVA FROM THE HOT BOX

By A. A. Stafford

Most people that holler loudest for justice would be absent a long time if they got it.

Just as soon as the average man gets done sowing his wild oats, he starts a reform movement.

Knots, either remind you of seasickness or the "cure" at Reno.

Fishing will soon be a lost art, unless a fish-bait is invented that will not kill the fisher before he has time to get a bite.

Most every man likes the clinging "vine" type of woman, but he don't care for the kind of "vines" that bear sour grapes.

The Orpheum Circuit advertises a lady harpist. Imagine a married man paying a couple of bucks to get to hear a lady harp!

—GLOOM—

Maud—Harold, what is this dark hair doing on your coat?

Harold—Oh, that is a coat I wore last winter before you started using peroxide.

—GLOOM—

\$25.00 JOKE PRIZE

Twenty-five dollars will be paid for the best joke submitted, using the following suggestions:

"An old maid's delimma."

"A bachelor girl's revenge."

GLOOM

THE BULL'S FAMILY AFFAIRS

Here's a good one that's being passed around by Ed Howe, the Kansas country-town editor:

A farmer and his wife were out milking. The farmer was busy doing the evening chores, and his wife was milking a cow. Suddenly, a huge bull started for them. The farmer promptly jumped the fence, and yelled to his wife to run. But calmly she went on milking. The bull charged up within a few feet of the woman, stopped, looked at her, and then, moving away, began nibbling grass. The farmer came back and said to his wife:

"Why didn't you run? Wasn't you afraid?"

She replied she was not.

"Why?" the farmer asked, in astonishment.

"Because," his wife replied, as she proceeded with her work, "I was milking the bull's mother-in-law."—Gage Readings.

—GLOOM—

A PERFECT PILL

Donald was a doctor who perfected a patent pill
For making everybody happy and curing every ill.
The success of Dr. Donald really was immense,
The public bought his pills, he was never short of pence.
But alas! a skeptic blew into our happy town one day.
He tested Dr. Donald's pills: Swore they were made of clay.
Dr. Donald sued him, the public took his side.
The excitement grew intense when the case was tried.
The skeptic proved his theory, but his case went on the bum
When Dr. Donald stated, "The clay contains RAD-I-UM."
The judge and all the jury pricked up their twitching ears;
Swallowed Donald's story, and gave the skeptic seven years.
The moral of this story is: The public swallow any junk,
But never cross a doctor who is peddling the bunk.

GLOOM

"EVOLUTION"

By Bessie Ball Mays in Psychonumero

On, on, forever we grow and grow,
It began ages and ages ago;
Two little atoms in space,
Incomplete was each in its way,
Only pieces of atoms were they.
All things are made to be whole.
Atoms of life have a soul;
With longing and throbbing and striving,
Onward and upward they're driving,
Forever and ever they're striving,
Striving for some great goal.

But one can't go alone forever,
An incomplete atom would sever,
Would crash and fall in its weakness;
All such are lost in the darkness.

But may we not beg from a fall,
And claim it as ours and our own,
Because through our lives we have grown,
Because we have trusted with faith,
Because we knew it was safe,
To tread the path shown without dread,
Though we saw no farther ahead,
Than just where we stood we did know,
That a soul strong in faith could but grow.

GLOOM

Something in Nature sublime,
We call it love if we rhyme,
Keeps struggling forever and ever,
In bringing soulmates together.

So in the course of our wanderings,
When two souls seem to melt into one,
Oh why do we question with Nature,
And why do we quarrel with Life,
And why not accept what is given,
And why mingle joy with strife;
And what does the world's thinking matter,
Conventions are petty, infernal,
Mere echoes of what men don't know,
Which constantly change as men grow,
But the laws of life and of living,
Began at the very beginning,
And how can obeying be sinning,
Obeying the great laws of living.

———G L O O M———

FATE

Who knows fate who ne'er hangs her head in shame,
But at her call men in the heat of battle fall,
Or a home is wrecked or a ship of state.
A powerful force is this called fate.

We wonder why and what her power,
For oft as the night begins to lower
A blinding flash of lightning brings
The power of fate with golden wings.

Then with destruction far and wide
The golden flames on high winds ride.
Just what or where and when or why no one as yet can state.
All we know is that it is sure, this powerful force called fate.

GLOOM

THE I. O. O. I.

An organization to be known as the "International Order of Imps," admitting "Good Fellows," both ladies and gents, is under way. Chicago and other cities are planning organization work. The order's purpose is to promote good fellowship without secrecy. GLOOM will be the official organ of the order, and in the next issue we will print full particulars regarding the organization. If you are interested in joining the order or organizing a lodge in your town, you may write to

IMP No. 1, Secretary of I. O. O. I.

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230 Court Street

Los Angeles, Calif.

——GLOOM——

Lady Astor, as a foreword to her address in Chicago, said: "I am not much of a talker, but I can preach like hell." It is a good thing for the churches that preachers don't do likewise. The churches would not hold the people. People love to hear things when presented to them in a language they understand. Lady Astor may be English, but she sure talks United States.

——GLOOM——

THE MAIN QUESTION

He (hopelessly)—Refuse me, and I shall never love another.

She (practically)—I'm more interested in wondering if you'll ever love another if I accept you.—London Answers.

——NOT——

I believe, said the philosopher, that the things you give away in life come back to you.

I agree with you, said Jiggs. I gave my wife a set of china-ware for Christmas and last night when I came home late she handed them all to me, one by one, and my head is still sore.

GLOOM

"LOOKERS ON"

By Morris M. Waggoner

In crowded streets, in crowded lanes,
From out the doors and window panes,
With open eyes, they gaze anon
These lookers on, these lookers on.

And what they see, and what they view
Is only you, and you, and you,
But in their minds, such sordid things,
Life's naked picture to them brings.

So what care we, with soul so free,
As passing by, with hearts of glee,
We shout and roar, and smile upon
These lookers on, these lookers on.
(Copyright 1921 under Batchelor Buttons)

—G L O O M—

PREFERENCES

We know a man who is an honest crook. That is, he is a crook and frankly proud of it. As a crook he rather excels. He invents crooked things, while others follow the ruts. But the point is, he is a crook, says so himself and does not blush. We also know a deacon who plays poker on Thursday, gets drunk on Friday, bawls out his family on Saturday and goes to church three times on Sunday. Between the two, we have our choice.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Verily! Verily! Brother we too have our choice.

—G L O O M—

SLIPPER TO ME 'KID'

Slipper, white kid; lost about week ago. Reward. Address 802746-K.

GLOOM

Gloom Chasers

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The classified advertising rate for GLOOM is based on a circulation of 100,000 copies, although we will very likely give double that amount. All ads are set in 5 point 12 ems wide. Rates are 10c per word per issue. Cash with Order. Display rates, \$14.00 per single column inch 12 ems wide. No discounts for time space or cash. Address all orders and make drafts and money orders payable to

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FOR SALE—Two houses on one lot, six rooms, in front, newly painted in and out, hardwood floors. Built for a home. Three rooms in rear rents for \$35 month. If you want a real home and income, see this. Both houses beautifully furnished. 448 South Mathews Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

—Mention GLOOM—

FOR SALE—Garage and store building, flats above, lot 50x135 on corner in thickly settled part of city. Good income property. \$6000 will handle. L. C. Riggins, 2407 E. Fourth Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

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An invitation is extended to artists, authors, singers, actors, chorus girls, models, moving picture people, wrestlers, prize fighters, baseball players, athletes, or any one making a profession of entertaining the public, to send in clear photographs for publication in future issues of GLOOM. Would appreciate it if you would write on the back of each photograph in your own handwriting. Your signature, residence, telephone number and association at present time. This information is requested for your benefit if you care to take advantage of it. Address all packages to "The Devil," Gloom Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

———G L O O M———

Oh mother, may I go out to swim,

Oh yes, my darling daughter—

Put on your one-piece bathing suit

And don't go near the water.

———G L O O M———

A PRAYER

Oh, that I might live so that I may receive the kindness and blessings of the world as a babe receives the attention of a fond mother. That I may give as well as receive. That such gifts would create in me a personality that would inspire those about me to say kind words and do good deeds. Would that I had the voice like the babbling brook that I might croon the multitudes from restlessness to a peaceful repose. That I could write words of fire that would burn their way into the hearts of humanity and leave there a longing for true fellowship with a desire for Love, Truth and Justice, with peace and happiness here and hereafter for all people.

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Beginning with Gloom No. 3 we will give away \$500.00 each month for a period of TEN months to writers of Jokes and Stories.

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| | |
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